

1490. cc. 114.

THE

ENRAPTUR'D SWAIN.

A

PASTORAL POEM.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

Swain
K



ROYAL MAIL

Printed and Published by

THE
ENRAPTUR'D SWAIN.

A
PASTORAL POEM.

"INDULGE THIS FIRSTLING, LET ME BUT BEGIN,
"NOR NIP ME IN THE BUDDINGS OF MY SIN."

Prologue to the Apprentice.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by J. THRESHER, No. 38, Duke-street, Manchester-square.

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J. WILKIE, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-yard. 1778.

THE

ENRABTUD SWAIN

PASTOR



"INDEX OF THIS LISTING, LET ME SEE YOURS."

"NOT ME AT THE BUREAU OF THE R.R."

Providence, R.I. August 1890.

NOV 10

RECEIVED

THE

ENRAPTUR'D SWAIN.

ONE summer's morn, in pensive thought,
My mind on love intent,
I rambled o'er the flow'ry dale,
Unheedful where I went.

A murm'ring brook my steps drew near,
Clear as th' unclouded sky,
Where lightly poiz'd, the scaly brood
In myriads glided by.

The

The crystal stream expos'd to view,
 Its harmless finny race ;
 Both lovely carp and golden tench,
 With silver bleak and dace.

The roach and trout in silence wait
 To catch th' unwary fly,
 Who in their wanton, heedless flight,
 The water's brink come nigh.

While I with pleasing wonder stood
 Attentive on their play,
 The lowing herd came from the hill,
 Which drew my eyes away.

The furly bull, with grisly front,
 Came foremost down the mead ;
 Then follow'd close the lussy ox,
 And haughty neighing steed.

The

The thoughtless lambs, among the rest,
 Came skipping o'er the vale;
 Unmindful of their tender dams,
 But left 'em to bewail.

Close by this brook a willow stands,
 As form'd to give delight,
 Whose boughs in various modes are spread,
 The birds there to invite:

And at its foot's a mossy bank,
 As soft as finest down;
 I thither went with hasty step,
 Assur'd to be alone.

But scarce had I myself reclin'd,
 Reflecting on my love,
 When fair Eliza, beauty's queen,
 Came tripping through the grove.

At

At the first sight my throbbing heart,
 My anguish did foretell;
 But tow'rs the lovely maid I went,
 And on my knee I fell.

Her snowy hand I trembling seiz'd,
 As she prepar'd for flight;
 And begg'd she wou'd one moment waste,
 In list'ning to my suit.

" Behold, dear maid, a hapless swain,

" Undone by love and thee;

" That's ever doom'd in grief to live,

" If thou must cruel be.

" To thee my wretched case I'll tell,

" Relief in hope to find;

" On thy decree depends my fate;

" In pity look more kind.

" That

“ That brow sure ne’er was made to frown,
 “ Or ever clouded be ;
 “ But rather form’d to give delight
 “ To all who look on thee.

“ When thy bright eyes in anger speak,
 “ They awe the stubborn’st heart ;
 “ With kindness then, O ! let them beam,
 “ And blissful joy impart.

“ See how the gaudy flow’rets vie,
 “ Which shall the best adorn
 “ But thy fair blossoms all surpass ;
 “ Thou’rt lovely as the morn.

“ Thy auburn locks that loosely flow,
 “ Would fix’d resolves undo ;
 “ Wou’d turn the cynic from abuse,
 “ And all his pride subdue.

C

“ Upon

" Upon thy lips sits playful Love, and would not part "

" To press who'd not desire ; Or ever cloude "

" Yet who with that cou'd be content, But rather not "

" Or wou'd not more require, To all who love "

" The beauties of thy neck and breast, When thy men W "

" The frozen heart wou'd thaw ; They saw yet T "

" Mankind at thy fair shrine would kneel, With kind W "

" When once thy charms they saw, And blissful bnd A "

" Thy graceful shape would all the world wond'ring see "

" In praising join with me ; Which shall the W "

" Nay e'en the birds at thy approach, But thy fair bird W "

" Chant out with treble glee, Thou'rt lovely n'not T "

" The lark melodious mounts the sky, Thy sublim'nd T "

" And warbles out his praise ; Would he'd b'nd W "

" While Philomel, in softer strains, Wou'd turn the W "

" Whistles her well-tun'd lays, And all his bird bnd A "

Upon "

O

" Then

" Then joins the thrush, with shriller throat, " Can

" Likewise the goldfinch too; " That I wish I

" With linnet, blackbird, each one strives, " No;

" His fellow to outdo. " Sole sovereign of my heart

" For thy delight, thou lovely maid, " O then turn

" All nature seems concern'd; " And make me

" Though by thy frowns they're wretched made, " But with a frown

" Yet by one smile they're charm'd. " Her anger

No longer able to contain, " Is this thy return, thou

The transport in my breast; " Thou mark'st me

I caught her in my longing arms, " To strive beneath

Her coral lips I press'd. " My virtue to betray.

Her blushes heighten'd ev'ry charm " 'Twill be in vain

To my now raptur'd mind; " 'T attempt thyself

Again I press'd the blooming maid, " Or expect

And begg'd she would be kind. " My once too

I "

" Can

" Can it be thought, my life, my soul, and T "

" That I with thee can part? " "

" No; ever thus encircled reign, " "

" Sole sov'reign of my heart, " "

" O then surrender to my wish, " "

" And make me truly blest. " "

But with a frown she from me sprang; " "

Her anger thus express'd. " "

" Is this th' return, thou guileful youth, " "

" Thou mak'st me for my stay; " "

" To strive beneath the mask of love " "

" My virtue to betray. " "

" 'Twill be in vain, from this vile act, " "

" T' attempt thyself to clear, " "

" Or e'er expect to deceive again " "

" My once too cred'lous ear. " "

" I "

" I charge thee never see me more,

" Nor even to me write :

" Remember well what thou hast dar'd."

Then vanish'd from my sight.

Like one entranc'd I silent stood,

Scarce knowing what was past ;

Then with a fervent ardour wish'd

That moment was my last.

Recov'ring strait from the surprise

Into which I had been thrown,

My pray'rs for her I thus put up,

Although in wistful moan :

" May heav'nly guards around thee wait,

" Attendant to thy will ;

" Nor e'er unhappy may'st thou be,

" But ev'ry wish fulfil.

D

" Fond

" Fond birds keep on thy sprightly strains,

" Whene'er my love's in sight ;

" Ye chosen nymphs exert thy pow'rs,

" To raise in her delight.

" With youthful sports beguile those hours,

" That clouded would pass on ;

" And then thy swains in just return

" Will all thy joys prolong :

" Content they'll ever aim to give,

" When thou to them art join'd ;

" At no rude broils will they attempt,

" But ever prove most kind.

" Thus thou'lt be blest, while wretched I,

" (Distraction's in the thought !)

" Her beauteous form must not come nigh,

" To own and plead my fault."

My

My tears I could not now restrain,
 For they began to flow :
 Darkneſs ſeem'd to ſpread around,
 And I quite dizzy grew.

The ſpot which I'd with pleaſure view'd,
 Was barren to my ſight ;
 The mead o'er which the flow'rets ſpread,
 No longer gave delight.

I cou'd not bear this pleaſing ſcene,
 So loſt was I in grief ;
 Yet certain was if home I went,
 'Twou'd give me no relief.

As madmen have, when in deſpair,
 Their deareſt friends annoy'd ;
 So I, firſt ſtretching on the ground,
 My frantic ſenſe employ'd.

“ Syrens !

" Syrens ! for thee we're doom'd to figh,

" Yet never can enjoy ;

" Thou'rt form'd for pleasure and desire,

" Though both thou soon destroy.

" In dreary chains are we led on,

" Thy pow'r alone to shew ;

" And when enslav'd unto thy will,

" All hopes we must forego.

" How pleas'd thou'lt listen to the pain,

" Thy wily charms have made ;

" Then leave the youth in high disdain,

" And plead thou art afraid.

" But as a curse thou sure were sent,

" To torment all mankind,

" Else to thy damn'd destructive smiles

" We cou'd not be so blind.

" In

" In bounteous mood, great Nature gave,

" Beauties that might engage ;

" When like a black and gath'ring cloud,

" They but a storm preface.

" O heedless youth ! as you may fall

" In some proud beauty's snare,

" With cautious steps avoid the sex,

" They're false as they are fair."

" Thy slander hold, rash youth ! and learn,"

(Reply'd an awful voice,

That terror struck quite through my soul)

" In whom to place thy choice."

I rose to see who 'twas that spake,

Yet scarce cou'd I behold

The aged fire, whose trembling limbs

His num'rous years foretold.

E

His

His silver locks appear'd as white

As the new fall'n snow;

His cheeks were flush'd with rosy health;

Friendship sat on his brow.

Though Time had bent his noble shape,

By many a rude storm;

Yet the remains of manly grace

Appear'd throughout his form.

"What frenzy has possess'd thy brain,

"For one to blame the sex?

"Know you what joys with Virtue dwells,

"Or how Vice will perplex?

"Come rouse thyself, nor drooping stand

"To curse the fair you love:

"What has she done, may I request?"

"Dear Sir, I'd fain improve,

"Loft

" Loft and bewilder'd when you came

" I knew not what I did :

" Shall I the female race condemn ;

" Good Heaven it forbid."

" Go then with me, return'd the fire,

" I see you are oppress'd,

" To my poor cot, nay, 'tis my wish,

" For there you may find rest.

" When we are there your tale I'll hear,

" And listen to your grief ;

" My pow'r I'll try, you may depend,

" To give you some relief."

With grateful heart my thanks I gave,

Although in deep distress ;

And with him went unto his home,

In hopes it wou'd be less.

He

He led me on through winding lanes

Unto a lonely cell ;

When we came to't, he smiling said,

“ 'Tis here alone I dwell.”

With mossy bark it was o'erspread,

Rough branches made the door,

In simplest mode the whole was form'd,

And matted was the floor.

A lamp was in the centre hung,

Time's glass adorn'd one side ;

With moral prints the rest was grac'd ;

In them appear'd his pride.

No sooner enter'd than he brought

A frugal cool repast ;

“ Come, first refresh, and then we'll think

“ How to redeem what's past.”

In

In vain I strove, Eliza came

Afresh into my mind :

“ O gods ! I cry’d, my ruin’s fix’d,

“ Unless she proves more kind.

“ My heart-felt grief will have its course,

“ Though ev’ry means I try ;

“ In ev’ry shape it haunts my mind ;

“ O what a wretch am I !”

I told him why I was condemn’d

The loss of her to rue ;

Her ev’ry act did he commend ;

Her very parting too.

“ Forbear, the sage return’d, to rave,

“ For thou hast found a prize :

“ What is’t you want, or what’s her crime,

“ Thou canst so much despise.

F

“ But

" But now mark me, and what I tell,

" Perchance it may you ease ;

" Though happiness depends on fate,

" At least it may you please.

" Why thus secluded here I live

" May fill thee with surprise ;

" But peaceful days is all I wish,

" And they're what most I prize.

" No sport was ever on the green,

" But I, when young, was there ;

" All then was joy, no grief I felt,

" Nor knew I what was care.

" In health and ease I rang'd around,

" As changeful as the bee ;

" But when fair Daphne's form I saw,

" No longer was I free.

" I

" I for her love forsook all sports,

" Nor follow'd I the chase ;

" To entice her all my thoughts were bent

" Into some private place.

" I gain'd her o'er to my request,

" To walk along the grove ;

" Where I so well my passion urg'd,

" She yielded to my love.

" I in return took her to wife,

" To make some recompense ;

" But to her vows she paid no heed ;

" Mine was the least offence.

" For oft she wou'd--let it you suffice ;

(The tears ran down his cheek)

" That by her means I had no peace :

" Her mind was truly weak.

" Befure,

" Before, my son, if e'er you wed,

" To choose the modest fair ;

" My wretched mate has years been gone,

" And with her dy'd my care.

" I then forsook the busy world,

" In search of sweet content ;

" The well-mask'd snares from me I threw,

" Which serve but to torment.

" 'Twas in a plain and humble life

" I plac'd my worldly joys ;

" And here my days in peace I spend :

" Temperance never cloyes.

" The only cause to thee I've told

" Why thus I came to live ;

" Peace dwells not in the small applause,

" That this vain world can give.

" But

" But here I've strove my soul to teach

" The path of truth to find ;

" In hopes to meet with that reward

" For which I'm now resign'd.

" Although, when in this weary life,

" We're sorrow doom'd to see ;

" Yet is there not a great reward

" In blest Eternity ?

" But tell me who the fair one is,

" As likewise where she dwells,

" That I may strive to ease the pain

" With which thy bosom swells."

I told him then, without reserve,

Nor even hid her name:

" What can the man deserve, said he,

" That such a maid can blame ?

G

" Howe'er

“ Howe’er, now let thy care dispel,

“ And learn a nobler task ;

“ For soon thou may’st, within this place,

“ Of her thy pardon ask.”

“ Indeed, dear Sir ! I eager cry’d,

“ Why, what can bring her here ?”

Ere he cou’d speak the maid I saw

Closet at the door appear.

With lively brow she enter’d in ;

He plac’d her by his side :

But when on me her eyes she turn’d,

She frown’d with virtuous pride.

With awe struck dumb, I silent sat,

In vain I try’d to speak ;

At length the fire, with mellow’d voice,

Did thus the silence break :

“ Why

“ Why this reserve, my dearest love,

“ My greatest bliss on earth !

“ Eliza, Sir's, my only child ;

“ I need not speak her worth.

“ I've left her to my sister's care ;

“ Yet comes she ev'ry day,

“ With lovely smiles and sprightly song,

“ To cheer my hours away.

“ But say, my dear, canst thou regard

“ This worthy, humble youth ;

“ For I now think I dare be bound

“ To answer for his truth.”

“ Consent, dear maid, I fault'ring said,

“ Resemble the Divine ;

“ Forgive my faults and kindly yield ;

“ My life is wholly thine.”

First

First gently chiding for the past,

She blushing own'd her love:

"Why need I blush, the fair one said,

"Doth not my fire approve?"

"I do, my child; and may kind Heav'n

"Blessings on thee show'r;

"May'st thou be happy through thy lives

"As in the nuptial hour."

F I N I S.

